Those bitches selling race suicide in the form of three-generations-later hereditary taint to every teamster on Thing Street....

They really were feeble-minded, moral, idiots....

Fuck a man?

Ah, ha ha ha! What Thing Street needed was gangs of Lesbian bikers terrorizing the men and fucking their whores....

No more brats going deaf, dumb, and blind when least expected....

No more Thing Street Asylums teeming with endlessly rocking schizoid spawn.....

Trixie invited VIXEN FOXY WEASEL-THEATRE to join her organization....

She accepted the invitation....

To Emile Durkheim House....

Trixie's pad was at the back on the third floor....

Trixie offered her a JOB....

In the COMMUNICATIONS DEPARTMENT....

From her parlor window you could see the Hardener Distressway....

But not many whores....

That traffic was too brisk for their business....

Still, Johnny liked to sit on her sofa....

Lake Hogtarry illuminating the smog-choked sky with an all-night radioactive sunset....

You couldn't see it for the pollution, the congestion, the car-lights whizzing by....

But you knew it was there....

It stank, too....

Like turnips, piss and some kind of mutation-fish that really STANK when it died....

Coelacanths....

Made it real COZY....

Especially with all the old things from Romeo's store that she strewed around....

An old yellow pine dresser with the back off and brass lion's-head handles....

Her commode....

A bowl-and-pitcher set (fake)....

A super-ornate gilded frame that must once have held a picture of Queen Victoria, but now held the mirror that Trixie tarted up in.... Almost made him wish he was straight....

Beyond the lake, PARADISE....

LAND OF THE FREE....

HOME OF THE BRAVE....

*****

Johnny recognized the Englishman's dog wrapping its leash around a shelf full of vinyl records....

The little girl's balloon fried on the power line in M....

If it pulled it over it would be crushed to death. Poor thing. At least it wouldn't be scratching and rubbing its ass all over the linoleum.

The guy was testing a Motorola cell-phone. Something Mayor Smell Gasman threw out.